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THE SPY WHO NEVER WAS—III

Original Secret Documents Fool Spymaster

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This is the third installment in the amazing, exclusive account of the author's experiences at the hands of Communist agents. Miss Hammerstein was released on March 28, 1964, after serving 27 months in Russian and East German jails.

By GABRIELE HAMMERSTEIN
(as told to Peter Hahn)

NEW YORK (NAN) — The life of a "double agent" in espionage, especially that of a "spy who refuses to spy," is a continuing nightmare of fear, of unwittingly making a blunder that will bring the secret police on your neck.

It was the life I lived in the Spring of 1961.

I had become involved in the cloak-and-dagger war between East and West while preparing a singing engagement at the State Opera House in the Soviet sector of Berlin. American intelligence officers had asked me to report on Russians I met socially there. But they had washed their hands of me when the Communists asked me to work for them, too. The Soviet KGB-state security services were more persistent. And, because I did not want to give up my first really big chance at a singing career, I had strong reasons along with fabricated information.

But then my "spymaster," Evgeni Khedrov—in reality Colonel Evgeni A. Zastrovetsky, on the back of the cards of the Red intelligence service—had offered me money for my services, and when I refused, he threatened the safety of my mother, a doctor in New York. In my frantic efforts to dissolve myself, I had told them that "I was being questioned" by "Mr. Smith," a fictitious U.S. "intelligence officer." With the CIA interested in me, surely Khedrov would have no further use for me.

"Make him interested in you," said Khedrov. "With your contacts in East Berlin, I'm sure he'll want to recruit you." No case of the size of by so many other alternatives was to leave Berlin. I had to go alone

to the spy-decisions. I reported to Khedrov that "Smith had fallen for his ruse." The KGB man was delighted. He handed me a tiny spy camera, sewn into the corner of a handkerchief. Urging "extreme caution," he told me to photograph any papers of importance "I could find at Smith's office."

HOME MADE EVIDENCE

But what papers of importance could I copy? U.S. agents had refused to help me feed the Russians false information. The documents "I could get legally" were sent to me as an occasional free-lance—wouldn't help Khedrov for long. I realized that I had to manufacture my own secret documents.

Having been a secretary for the U.S. Army in the early 30s, I knew what files in government offices looked like—including those of the CIA. I hoped, intelligence officers had asked me to report on Russians I met socially there. But they had washed their hands of me when the Communists asked me to work for them, too. The Soviet KGB-state security services were more persistent. And, because I did not want to give up my first really big chance at a singing career, I had strong reasons along with fabricated information.

Whenever "hard" facts were needed, I filed in "Reference" file, which is the term used in all U.S. government offices for personnel reference files. On the back of the cards noted "payments" in varying amounts, giving the name of West Berlin banks, and rubber stamping on dates, going back several months or years. The right-hand corner.

In this manner, I manufactured 16 cards of "Mr. Smith's" contact file. The "agents" I gave them "operated" all over East Germany, as well as Czechoslovakia and Poland.

It had been my big mistake to make him interested in you," said Khedrov. "With your contacts in East Berlin, I'm sure he'll want to recruit you." No case of the size of by so many other alternatives was to leave Berlin. I had to go alone

the bait hook, line and sinker. From his excitement at our next meeting, I knew that KGB wires were humming all over Eastern Europe in an effort to track down my "paper agents."

By now, I had won his complete confidence. When I recalled this period, I often regret that Bennett, who had been my CIA contact, had not actually used me as a double agent. I had truly "penetrated" the Soviet intelligence net in Germany.

I was a frequent visitor to Karlshorst, the Soviet headquarters compound. I could enter the secret intelligence compound almost at will. I attended frequent Russian parties. An "Einkaufskarte" (purchasing card) exempted me from all rationing. One of Khedrov's friends, a major named Kolya Polayev, had a big crush on me and showered me with gifts. (To this day, I don't know whether his affection was genuine or just of the "pamper" type.)

Meanwhile, probably because I still refused payment for my "services as a spy," Khedrov and Polayev suggested I should take a trip to Moscow, "strictly as a tourist." Inouist, the official Russian travel bureau, sent me gas vouchers, hotel reservations and food coupons. "Everything was taken care of," I was told. So I drove my car to Moscow. After two-and-a-half days I arrived and checked into the Hotel Berlin, where rooms had been reserved for me. I registered at the U.S. Embassy. Then Khedrov and Polayev who had timed the date of their trips to coincide with mine, took me to a mid-winter whirl of sightseeing and entertainment.

MOCK WEDDING

One morning, Kolya picked me up at my hotel, "to witness a rare treat for a foreigner," a real Communist wedding. The ceremony was being held in a large room, carpeted in red. There were a few posted palms, cruffed chairs, and witnesses. One of Polayev's men was being married to a pretty girl, by an official who stood behind a large, red-draped table. After

the ceremony, Kolya said, "Let's see whether you can read contact Bennett. He had been moved elsewhere, and I saw him, his successor. When I took a lie-detector test for us, and we pulled in front of a plain, modern villa. Khedrov got out of his car and was met by a man. "He'll take you. I'll see you later."

I followed the man into the house. He took me up one flight of stairs and opened a door, which led to a bedroom-stuffing room with modern furniture. I started unpacking, when I was interrupted by a woman who entered unannounced. "Everyone who comes here has to take a bath," she said, indicating another door. "It's in there."

Then she left, closing the door behind her. I stared at the door, dumbfounded. It had no knob. Suddenly I knew. I had walked into a trap. I was now a prisoner of the Soviet secret service.

When I told Khedrov about my travel plans, he took it as a joke. "You can be of use to the U.S., too," he said, and asked me to take two days of guests, to put on "The Ed Sullivan Show" each Sunday on the CBS Television Network.

Why not? Soon I would be rich, he said. Also, whatever could learn might interest the BI. So I packed a few things, and a West Berlin friend I'd be back in a few days, and drove to meet Khedrov. When I arrived, he was sitting in his car and motioned me to follow. We

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Big Staff

It takes a basic staff of 187 people, not including talent agents, to put on "The Ed Sullivan Show" each Sunday on the CBS Television Network.

Flowers

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